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FRESHNESS REWARDED.

(How the Captain of a Pacific Steamer
Protected a Lady.)

On a through Eastern train of the Pennsylvania road, one day last week, all the seats in the car were taken except two. A lady sat in one and a man from the West sat in the other. He was a fine-looking, manly fellow, and was taken by those around him for a lawyer. At the next station, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, an unattractive drummer got on the car. He sized up the situation at a glance. The lady was pretty and that settled it. Without once asking her to get down by her and at once commenced to make himself agreeable. She tried to avoid him and looked out of the window, but the fellow's gaze was unflinching, and he maintained the one-sided conversation. The Western man was calmly watching the proceeding and stood it as long as he could. Going up to the lady he said: "Adam, I see you are annoyed. Wouldn't you prefer to have my seat?" "O, thank you," she replied, "certainly," and the big man helped her to transfer her valise, while the other passengers gazed at the drummer's discomfiture.

The latter was boiling over, but kept down his wrath until he got to Altoona, and then he demanded satisfaction for the insult. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the Western man banged him on the jaw, and then with his boot kicked him around as a football. "Stand back," yelled some of the tickled passengers. "Kick him harder," they shouted together, and that drummer finally crawled under a car to escape further punishment, a wiser and sadder man. Everybody wanted to know who the Western man was. He turned out to be the captain of a Pacific mail steamer out on a vacation.

The First Sewing Machine

It is strange how badly we get important matters of history mixed. Ask any well-informed person who invented the sewing machine and the reply will be Elias Howe, which is far from the truth in the case. The first sewing machine was patented in England by Thomas Saint in 1790, sixty years before Howe was born. One of Saint's old machines is now on exhibition in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, Eng.

AN AMUSING WEDDING.

A St. Louis Man Who Was Married Under Adverse Circumstances.

About the funniest wedding on record was that of a friend of mine, a well-known St. Louis gentleman, writes a Globe-Democrat correspondent. He married a girl who was visiting a town less than one hundred miles from here. His fiancée visited St. Louis about a week before the wedding was to take place. My friend learned that her sister was preparing to make the wedding a grand affair, and this he was opposed to. A license was obtained, and that night he left the city with his girl bound for the town who had been visiting. After the train started he asked her if she was willing to get married that night. She consented, and a telegram was sent from the next station notifying her brother-in-law to have things ready. The telegram reached there at ten o'clock and the couple at eleven o'clock. Every one was excited but the groom. The minister was present and ready for the ceremony. The ladies were upstairs, and no one seemed to think of my friend. He had left the city hurriedly, had traveled on a hot night, his shirt and collar were soiled, he had no cuffs, his shoes were unshined and he was badly in need of a shave. He at last found a tin basin on a bench in the back yard. He washed and wet his hair, but finding no brush or glass, went to the parlor and forgot all about himself. After the ceremony was over his wife turned to him and said: "Why, Charlie! You didn't comb your hair!" What makes it more funny, is the fact that usually the gentleman is very particular about his appearance.

A Gallant Frenchman.

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the recent regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was quite vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items of personal description: Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing.

Now-Logged Criminals.

The Louisville Times is authority for the statement that nine out of ten criminals are now-logged.

COFFEE INEBRIETY.

Effects of the "Cup Which Cheers" When Used in Excess.

Remarkable that the "cup which cheers" has been so long believed to be the most fitting substitute for the one which "inebriates," a writer in the London Standard remarks that it is "a little alarming to find that Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, has come to a contrary conclusion. So far from believing that two pence off the pound of tea or coffee will reduce the 'drink bill,' the researches of this eminent physiologist go far to prove, that by permitting the poorer classes to buy more of these stimulants the cheapness will conduce to the spread of what he has described as 'coffee inebriety,' a form of intoxication which very frequently leads to the more alarming, but not actually more dangerous, form produced by alcohol.

"The studies upon which he founds these conclusions were made in all parts of Germany, but more particularly upon women of the working population in and about the great gun factories of Essen. Here wages are high and employment constant, so that the mechanics' wives have no difficulty in buying as much of their favorite stimulant as they desire. This takes the shape of coffee. The quantities many of them consume are enormous. Large numbers of women use on an average a pound per week, and some of the men drink considerably more, besides supplementing it at odd times with beer and wine. The result is a widespread form of nervousness to which Dr. Mendel has ventured to apply the name of 'inebriety.' It is a true form of it; approaching in both kind and degree to delirium tremens, for the whole nervous system is deranged, if not utterly ruined. To the gaiety produced by indulgence a profound depression of spirits succeeds, coupled with frequent headaches and a sleeplessness which in time assumes the character of an almost incurable insomnia, a distressing complaint in itself, and naturally the advance guard of a host of other evils.

"For a brief space it is relieved by another strong dose of coffee. But as soon as the effects of this die away the symptoms return with increased violence. The muscles become weak and trembling and the hands shake when at rest in a manner resembling the semiparalysis of a confirmed drunkard, whose nervous system has been shattered to its center. An increasing aversion to labor and any steady work is noticed. The heart's action becomes rapid and irregular, and palpitation, with a heavy feeling in the precordial region, makes its appearance. Last of all comes dyspepsia of the most persistent character and of an extreme nervous type, rendering the life of the coffee tippler a burden to himself and to all around him. In many cases acute mania is common, showing that the skin and the entire system of which it forms so important a part have been poisoned, and, as in the case of alcoholism, are incapable of performing the functions proper to them.

"In the course of his studies Dr. Mendel found very few instances in which the confirmed coffee drunkard was ever cured. The symptoms constantly grew worse, and are only to be relieved by large quantities of the beverage the abuse of which has caused them. In this way the victims go from bad to worse. For though well aware of the mischief being wrought they suffer so severely that they are afraid to abandon the habit lest death should end the only thing they experienced. After beginning with the agreeable infusion of the roasted berries they are driven, in their search for something more powerful, to swallow the tincture, which, though it operates for a time in the direction desired, soon loses its efficacy, and has to be swallowed in greater and greater quantities. The evil influence of the coffee being, of course, heightened by the alcohol used to extract its essential ingredients. When brandy is taken only temporary relief follows, though not infrequently the intoxication produced by the latter is eagerly welcomed in order to deaden the anguish caused by the indolent indulgence in the former.

"The last stage of this peculiar disease shows itself in the sallow face and chilly hands and feet of the victims, coupled with an expression of dread and agony which settles over the countenance—a form of melancholia, alternated by hysteria, only to be temporarily relieved by repeated applications to the coffee pot or to a strong tincture formed by steeping the crushed berries in spirits of wine. Meantime, the diseased state of the body is demonstrated by the acute inflammation which is apt to supervene at any moment. A bruise, a cut, a prick or a sting, which in a healthy person would scarcely be noticed, is the starting point for inflammation of an erysipelatous character, so that it seldom happens that the coffee inebriate is long-lived."

The Great Napoleon's Heart.

May 6, 1831, Dr. Autenacht, assisted by Thomas Carwell, proceeded to make an autopsy on the body of Napoleon I. at Longwood. The post-mortem was interrupted by the darkness of the evening. When going to continue the autopsy next morning the physicians found that the Emperor's heart had been almost entirely devoured by rats. A fresh lamb's heart was taken and placed in the dead man's thorax. Thus the body of Napoleon, which has been reposed under the dome of the Invalides since 1840, contains the heart of an animal instead of that of the hero of Austerlitz.

LOST KENTUCKY MINE.

Stories of Large Amounts of Silver Taken from the Mountains.

One of the most persistent, and yet one of the most elusive traditions of Kentucky is that of Swift's Silver Mine. Half a dozen mountain counties claim to have within the borders of each the original mine, but as no search has ever revealed the existence of argentiferous ore in any of them, half a dozen other counties claim that a mistake may have been made, and hope the wonderful mine may be within their own limits. Every now and then some person crazed on the subject makes his appearance with a map or chart, assuming to show by actual survey the location of the long lost mine.

John Swift was in East Tennessee and Eastern Kentucky as early as 1761, accompanied by two Frenchmen, and somewhere in that region they coined, or pretended to coin, large quantities of silver money. There were no mints in the United States then, and Swift was arrested upon the suspicion of being a counterfeit. This was in North Carolina. The coin turned out to be pure silver than that of the British mint, and he was released. Swift left Bell County, Ky., because the Indians were troublesome, and he gave a lady of that county the journal of his wanderings. His journal gave a vague account of about \$4,000 and "crown" which he and his companions concealed at various places in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky to facilitate their journey and secure safety. Ever since that journal became public search parties have hunted for the hidden wealth as persistently as ever Eastern people hunted for the hidden treasure of Captain Kidd, or the Southern people searched for the secret treasure-cave of Captain Blackbeard.

It goes without saying that nobody has ever found any signs of the treasure. True, there are more or less plausible traditions in various localities. For instance, in Carter County ancient tools and instruments used to coin money were found at the foot of a cliff many years ago. The crumbling away of a ledge of the cliff had allowed the tools to fall from their concealment. It is claimed, also, that one of the first settlers of Carter County found near his pioneer cabin a quantity of peculiar clinders so heavy as to cause him to have them tested. The result was the extraction of sufficient silver to make several silver spoons, which, it was said, were as late as 1870 in possession of members of the family. Crucibles, furnaces, clinders and other relics of mineral smelting, upon a small scale, have been found in several counties and attributed to a village of Swift's silver mine. In 1871 three Cherokee Indians visited Wolfe County and carried away two sacks full of some weighty substance, which the residents in the neighborhood united in believing was some of Swift's silver. The presence of the Indians was well known, their object plainly guessed, yet nobody watched them closely enough to discover the place where they procured their treasure.

LEARNED TO WALK

A Fish Becomes Used to Living on Land and Finally is Drowned.

Henrik Dahl, of Aalesund, Norway, was a reader and follower of Darwin.

Wishing to apply his theory of the limit of adaptability of a species to its environment, he procured a herring from a neighboring fjord and carried it home in a tub of sea water. He renewed the water daily for some time, and gradually reduced the quantity, with so little inconvenience to the herring that he concluded that the fish might, in time, learn to breathe air undisturbed with water, like the cat and the man.

It turned out as he expected, and the water was finally turned out of the tub of the herring, never to be replaced even for bathing. Henrik next removed the fish from its tub and placed it on the ground, where it flopped about very awkwardly at first, but soon learned to move freely and rapidly.

In a little while the herring was able to follow its master without difficulty, and then it became his constant companion about the streets of the city. On a certain unfortunate day Henrik had occasion to cross a dilapidated bridge which spanned an arm of the harbor.

The herring coming gracefully along, heedless of danger, now and again springing at the ephemera, for which it had acquired an especial fondness, missed his footing, slipped through a crack into the water beneath and was drowned, says Forest and Stream.

Two Biblical Errors.

A typographical error has been discovered in the last issue of the Bible from the Cambridge press. It occurs in Isaiah 48:13, the word "foundation" being begun with an "r" instead of an "f." The young son of Dr. Adler found the error and received the standing reward of a guinea. Years ago there was an edition of the Bible known as the "bad Bible," from the fact that the word "not" was omitted from the most important commandment. The unfortunate printer was tried for his life, and the whole edition confiscated and suppressed.

Ear-Rings in All Ages.

The strange fashion of mutilating and adorning the human ear has been practiced and has been in vogue all over the world. It has especially enjoyed great favor among the Orientals, and by Persians, Babylonians, Lydians, Egyptians and Carthaginians the ear-rings were worn as commonly by men as by women.

A GYPSY ON DREAMS.

Read This, Then Go Home and Get Your Mind Clearer or Friendlier.

According to the Gypsy, to dream that you bathe in clear water is a sign that you will enjoy good health; if muddy, the death of relatives or friends. To see a bath, anger; to take a warm bath denotes happiness; if you take one either too hot or too cold, domestic troubles. If you dream without going into the water you may expect trouble, but it will soon pass away; a sea bath is a sign of honor and increase of fortune.

If any one dreams that he or she is ascending to heaven, or is already enjoying its delights, it shows that some joyful event is to happen, such as the birth of an heir to childless people, good fortune to those who are poor, distinction to the wealthy and high honors to the ambitious. If lovers have such a dream it foretells an early marriage under the most auspicious circumstances, and that their wedding will be attended with troops of congratulating friends, who will shower presents upon them. On the other hand, to dream of seeing hell denotes that the dreamer's life is a bad one, and is an intimation to him of reformation.

To see a coffin in your dreams signifies that you will soon be married and own a house of your own. This is a dream girls are always wishing for, says the Gypsy book.

If any one should be so unfortunate as to dream that he or she was present at a happy and jolly wedding it denotes that they will attend a funeral; it will not necessarily be at the burial of either of the persons you dreamed you saw married, but you will undoubtedly be called to mourn some friend or relative. To go to weddings when one is wide awake is exceedingly pleasant, but we should be careful how we dream about them. To dream of being married yourself foretells your death.

For a girl to dream of raking newly-mown hay is a sign she will be married before the hay is eaten. Young fellows who dream of raking hay with their sweethearts had better get ready their necks for the matrimonial noose, so they are past praying for. If a man dreams he is confined in a prison or jail it shows that he will have honors or dignities conferred upon him, as such dreams go contrarywise; if his arrest and imprisonment worries him it only shows that he will be the more delighted with his new dignities. This is an excellent dream for politicians and office-holders, as the jail is what they would naturally dream of.

For a girl to dream that she was so sleepy in church as to nod toward the minister, is a sign she will have a young parson for her husband; if a young man dreams this, he will be apt to make up to the minister's daughter, provided his position warrants it, and if not, that he will marry a girl noted for her piety. To dream of a widow signifies a reward; to dream you are a widow portends death or disappointment. To dream of a widower denotes strife and quarrels.

A fox is a sign of thieves; to dream of fighting with them shows that you will have to deal with some cunning enemy; to keep a tame fox signifies that you will love a low woman, or have a bad servant who will rob you. A number of foxes, false friends. If you dream that your mouth is stopped by a gag, it denotes that you will soon thereafter be kissed by a pretty girl. To a young girl such a dream predicts that she will see some gentleman who takes her fancy, and perhaps will fall in love with him.

If you dream you are pleased with a pretty chambermaid, milkmaid of any clean or nice-looking young girl whose occupation carries with it the title of maid, it is a good omen, for it predicts an excellent match and plenty of children. It also foretells, in many cases, that the dreamer will marry a rich wife. For a married woman to dream this is a sign she will have trouble with servants.

WILD WESTERN JUSTICE.

Why a Tough Citizen Failed to Keep His Appointment.

In one of the frontier settlements in the Wild West a German cobbler was elected police justice. His reputation as an honest toiler was well established, but his legal knowledge and sense of humor were so far of unknown quantities.

One of his first cases was that of a tough citizen who was duly arraigned for a breach of the peace. The justice heard the evidence in the case and pronounced sentence of three months in jail. This so enraged the defendant that he ended a vigorous abuse of the court by promising to call on him promptly that day three months and prepare him for a first-class funeral. The judge heard this abuse silently, and then, without any emotion, originated as follows:

"Vell, you kills me to-day three months ago, vill you? Let me see: This is August first. Three months will be November first. Thanking vill be twenty-fifth. I vill miss my Thanksgiving dinner. Christmas is next. I vill miss Christmas, too. Six months from August first will be Shaanuary. I makes it six months, and den you kills me, vill it? You shud go right away to jail six months, and then I see you any more I shoud shoot you so fall of lead it vill take von steam derick to lift you down to your grave. You hear me?"

The six months were up long ago, and the justice still sits, upon his cobbler's bench when not dispensing justice from his official seat. The tough citizen is presumably herding cattle in Arizona.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, DECEMBER 30, 1900.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Funeral.

O. F. Hector, A. McNabb and A. Mass-treth were over from Mono Lake on Wednesday.

Willie Butler is in Seattle, or thereabout. Postmaster John Mattly, of Mono Lake, was in town on Tuesday, and remained till Friday.

Columbus C. Turner, the honest "sheep-herder," has been here from Smith Valley most of the week.

Mrs. Court, of Bodie, is here, visiting her sister, Mrs. C. A. Schuman.

FATAL SNOWSLIDE.

Another lamentable snowslide, entailing the loss of two valuable lives, occurred during the late storm near Lundy. Previous to the storm, William Robson and Jacob Weaver left Lundy to work the Clifton mine, located about three miles from that town. Not making their appearance in town after the storm, on Monday last B. T. Pierce and P. Wahlstein concluded to go up to the mine, to see how they were getting along. When they had reached a point on the trail about fifteen hundred feet below the mine they discovered the dead body of Robson, but nothing was discovered of his partner, Weaver. Pierce at once returned to town for volunteers, and when they reached the mine they found that a snowslide had masked in their cabin, and that Weaver was imprisoned under the lumber and mass of snow, but alive. After much hard work he was rescued. He told his rescuers that the slide occurred at least five days before. His arms and legs were frozen, and, it is said, in trying to extricate himself from some lumber which confined him, he got hold of a saw, and while using it he sawed into his other arm without feeling it. As soon as possible the party started for Lundy with the unfortunate man, but Weaver died long before they reached town, Robson's body being also carried. Robson's legs and arms were broken. Robson and Weaver were blacksmiths and had long been partners, and were part owners of the Clifton mine. Previous to building their cabin, Weaver wanted to enlarge the mouth of the tunnel and use it as a portion of the cabin, as there would be no danger from an avalanche, but they built in another place. William Robson was a native of Scotland, aged 44, and unmarried. Jacob Weaver was a native of Ohio, aged 58, and single. Both were old and respected residents of the county, Robson having had a large blacksmith shop in Bodie in its booming days. The funeral took place in Lundy on Wednesday. The news of the catastrophe has been received with sadness throughout the county.

LEE'S TRIAL.—On Monday District Attorney Hayes filed an information against John P. Lee, for the murder of his stepfather, Wm. H. Kienborts. On Tuesday Lee appeared before Judge Hakes for arraignment, and pleaded "not guilty." On Wednesday he was again taken into Court and had his trial set for the 29th—in the midst of the holidays, when our people desire to be at home with their families, instead of sitting on a jury, or being on the road between the County Seat and their homes. The Sheriff was ordered to summon 50 jurymen from the body of the county. This is the first time in the criminal history of this county that one charged with murder has had a speedy trial, attorneys usually being too glad to wait for witnesses to die or leave the county, and we hope the precedent set in this case will be borne in mind by our coming Judge, Virden.

THE JOYOUS DAYS.—Before another issue of this paper we will have entered the joyous holiday season. As a community, our people should feel thankful for the Divine blessings of the passing year. Our people, with very few exceptions, have enjoyed health, the mortality throughout the county having been extremely light, aside from accidents and violence. Our farmers have no cause to complain of their portion of the business of the year, they having been favored with excellent crops, which they disposed of at good prices, and as all, or nearly all, have paid their taxes, they have every reason to be happy. Our business men have done a good business—if one can judge from the vast amount of goods passing their hands. Christmas Day—Thursday next, will be well observed in Bridgeport by a Christmas Tree Festival on Christmas Eve, for the benefit of the children, and a social dance at Bryant's Hall on Christmas night for the more elderly portion of the community.

WE wish our friends, neighbors and patrons a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year"—and may we all live to enjoy many returns of Christmas Holidays.

In honor of the Holiday vacation the school flag was given to the breeze yesterday.

A grand time at Bryant's Hall on Christmas Eve.

The school closed yesterday for the Holiday vacation of two weeks.

AT REST.

Mrs. Anna Pratt Walter, wife of Andrew J. Walter, and youngest daughter of Mrs. Frank Hanson, died at the residence of her mother in this town at 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, of heart disease, which had troubled her for several years, but her closing illness confined her to the house only a few days before her death. Mrs. Walter was born in Hankow, about 600 miles north of Shanghai, China; her father, G. S. Pratt, being in the Customs Department of the Chinese Government; and came to California about six years ago, and three years ago married and moved to Seattle, from which place she and her husband returned several months ago. Possessing a kind and cheerful disposition she endeared herself to all our people, who mourn the departure of the young and ever-cheerful Spirit. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock most of the services being held at the residence, W. O. Parker reading the services; a selected choir singing "I Would not Live Always," and "Go and Tell Jesus," at the conclusion of which Mr. Parker delivered a brief eulogy. A long line of sleighs and carriages followed the remains of our young friend to the Cemetery, where the services were brief. The attendance was large, evidence of the love and esteem of our people. The deceased left a brother in Chicago, and a sister, Mrs. E. A. Brown, formerly of this town, now residing in Mexico. Her husband is at Seattle.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Our merchants are well prepared to supply their patrons with goods suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents.

A. F. Bryant can fit you out with toilet sets, fancy glassware, neck wear, clothing, etc., etc. At his counter will, also, be found choice jewelry.

Joe A. Brown has a fine assortment of albums, toilet-sets and mirrors, fancy handkerchiefs—silk and linen, dolls, neckwear of every description and new styles, and many other good things too numerous to mention.

D. Hays & Bro. have an endless variety of toys for the little folks, fascinators, mufflers, a fine line of neckwear and underwear for ladies and gentlemen, and lots of fancy articles for "all classes and conditions."

All the above will be sold at the lowest prices.

THANKS.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanson desire to express their most sincere thanks for the kindness and sympathy which have been shown them through the entire illness of their daughter Anna.

THE warm weather is raising the snow off, to make room for the next installment of the "beautiful," which we trust, will not come till after New Year's Day.

WINTER.—To-morrow is the shortest day, and at 17 minutes P. M. the Sun commences his journey northward, and Winter begins.

THE stores are daily filled with the rising generation, looking at the Christmas pretties.

JOSEPH H. Hough, who had been Secretary of the New Jersey Grand Lodge of Masons for the past forty-nine years, died on Monday, at Trenton.

THE ship Amelia Reed, which arrived at New York, on Monday, from San Francisco, lost eight men off the Falkland Islands, and reached Rio with only two men.

MURPHY.—In Bridgeport, December 28th, to the wife of Edward A. Murphy, a daughter.

TILLSON.—PERKINS.—In Modesto, December 10th, C. R. Tillson to Aris M. Perkins, both of that town.

WALTER.—In Bridgeport, December 16, Anna Pratt, wife of Andrew J. Walter, and youngest daughter of Mrs. Frank Hanson, aged 23 years, 1 month and 8 days.

BEST

JOB PRINTING

AT

THIS OFFICE,

AT THE

LOWEST RATES.

WHAT A VOICE CAUSED.

The True Story of How President Harrison Won His Wish.

Editing the river columns of a daily in a flourishing Kentucky city on the banks of the Ohio is a genial old gentleman of about sixty years, who but for a ludicrous incident would have out President Harrison out of his wife. Thaddeus Conant is the name of him who got left in the race for the hand of Miss Caroline Scott, and it all came about in this way:

In the country just back of Cincinnati there used to be a school for boys kept by a fatherly minister named Scott. As an accommodation he sometimes boarded these boys who lived elsewhere, and among his pupils who lived in the house were Harrison and Conant. Like every other boy in the school these two lads succumbed to the charms of pretty Carrie Scott, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the school-teacher. Very soon the contest for Miss Scott's favor was narrowed down to Harrison and Conant, with most odds slightly on the latter. Harrison was a dangerous rival however. He spent much time indoors and around his charmer. Conant was boyish and spent more time on the play-ground than at his books. When he did talk to his sweetheart he made good use of his time, for by the close of the season it was openly discussed in the school how Thad Conant had become the choice of the principal's daughter.

There also boarded in the house a youngster named Torian, and he was the cause of all the trouble. Torian was not different from other boys save in one thing—he had a thin, girlish voice, that sounded like a pipe-organ with vox humana stop pulled out. It was a physical infirmity and never changed to the guttural tones of manhood. This Torian and Conant were intimate friends. One evening just before an examination in some study Conant and Torian determined to break a rule by remaining up after the retiring bell had sounded and studying a little for the coming examination. They did not go to bed at the usual time, but remained up, though they did much more idle talking than studying. They were none too careful about the pitch of their voices, and the doctor on one of his nocturnal prowls in search of offenders passed the door. He could not overhear the conversation, but gathered enough to make up his mind on the course he was to follow.

Right after breakfast the next morning Dr. Scott and young Conant met in secret session. When the boy got out he was nearly exploding with laughter. Calling his fellows up he told them how old Scott had heard Torian talking in his room and thought it was Lizzie, the house-girl. The miniature scandal created much fun for awhile, but it got to the ears of Miss Carrie. Her views on the matter can best be imagined, for she would not have anything more to do with Conant. The school closed soon afterward and Conant did not return for the ensuing session. When he next heard of his youthful sweetheart it was in connection with her marriage to Ben Harrison.

He never saw her again. Conant told the story on himself to a representative of the Chicago Times, and laughingly added that he had other reasons than being a Democrat for voting against Ben Harrison.

ROUTED BY GRASSHOPPERS.

A Flock of Turkeys Put to Flight by the Voracious Insects.

Farmer James C. Fairchild, of the Upper Paupack region, asserted to a Scranton (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun that he had never known grasshoppers to be as thick in this place as they have been during August. In a three-acre field of late rye the insects were so numerous that they ate all the blades off the stalks and sucked all the juices out of them before the crop was ripe. One day Farmer Fairchild left his white vest at the edge of the lot, and when he went to put it on at night he found that the grasshoppers had eaten "hundreds" of holes in it. The grasshoppers seemed to increase several fold each day in that particular field, and it appeared to him as though they came out of the ground nearly full grown.

As soon as the rye was put into the barn, he turned the turkeys into the stubble. A high stone wall surrounds the lot, and the turkeys drove the hoards of grasshoppers ahead of them, and gobbled up what they wanted. One day the turkeys drove apparently millions of the insects into a corner of the field. They couldn't get over the wall or through it, and several bushels of the grasshoppers, Farmer Fairchild declared, turned upon his flock of turkeys and came within an ace of swamping them. The fowls were completely covered with grasshoppers, and the insects kept coming at them so thick and fast that the turkeys finally took to their legs and wings and went squalling toward the center of the lot as though something had scared them half to death.

After a little, one of the gobblers rallied the flock and led them back to the corner. He gobbled a number of times on the way and the other tom turkeys marched abreast of him and gobbled defiantly at the grasshoppers, the hens bringing up the rear and talking saucily as they marched. Well, up toward the corner of the field the flock spread out, and in a moment innumerable wings were buzzing toward the wall. Pretty soon the grasshoppers were as thick in the corner as they had been before. There wasn't room for them all, and again they turned upon the turkeys and the turkeys turned tail in an instant, skeddaddled across the lot and flew over the barn into the roadway. The fowls had plainly been badly scared by the grasshoppers, and since then Farmer Fairchild has been unable to get his turkeys to stay in the rye field for ten minutes at a time.

An Induced Franchise.—A Montreal clergyman was recently invited to marry a couple, the bride being his particular friend. The bridegroom, however, did not appear, and the minister was so incensed that he hunted him up the next day and gave him a sound thrashing.

THE GOVERNMENT CLERK.

As He Appears in the Departments at the National Capital.

The Government clerk is the institution of Washington, says a correspondent of the New York Evening Post. He fills the theater, he buys from the shops, he rents the houses, he even makes up a large proportion of those who go to balls and parties, he constitutes the resident population. What sort of tenure of office he has, and what salary he gets, may be immaterial to Congressmen, but are questions of substance, or starvation almost to him. Let us see what sort of a man he is. Here are some types:

The first is bent with age and years of leaning over a desk. A mild and amiable atmosphere of conciliation surrounds him, only to give place to a harmless air of importance as he trudges the department corridors with papers in his hand for the inspection of his chief. And he is facetious, too, but God forbid that he should ever give offense to mortal soul. Even to the busy old messenger, who responds so slowly to his call, he is polite. Polite he is to everybody, and apologetic, slow to ask a favor, and quick to grant one. If ever there was a kindly fire in him it has been quenched long since. If ever there was any strongly-colored hues in his nature the repressive influences that surround the life of a subordinate have long since toned them down to sober tints. Regular in his office hours, provokingly slow and conservative in his methods of work, but more trustworthy than clock-work and truer than steel, such is the "Colonel" or "Judge" who has been a Government clerk for twenty, thirty or even fifty years. There is little danger of his being dismissed.

The young fellow who shares the judge's office, like Dick Swiveller, wears a shooting-jacket as an office-coat, smokes cigarettes constantly, receives visits which he does not relish from his teller's collector, and his mail consists chiefly of duns. He spends much time preparing to go home and leaves his office promptly at four o'clock, like Charles Lamb, to offset the irregularity with which he arrives every morning. He loves cravats and pins and the theater, and he sometimes takes a "lady friend" out "buggy-riding."

In the next room we see a different being—middle-aged, rusty, barely respectable, a hopeless, helpless look in his dull eyes. He is ill-educated and ill-trained, and treats the work of the Government very much as he would treat the digging of potatoes—a thing that must be gone at lustily, with the coat off and the hat on. Capitalization, as the civil-service commission love to call it, he is learning, but, after the manner of the immortal Cobbett, he persists in regarding punctuation as a matter of taste. He is "one of the people," and he looks with disfavor upon the "college-bred man."

But now let us look upon his colleague, and here I must ask you to pause a moment, for this is the type of Government clerk whom I protest I love. Young, middle-aged, or old, it makes no difference, for the position that he may hold as an old man is the position that no man holds ever since he was a man. He is a real, bona-fide swell. He does not write a very good hand—a gentleman should not. He is, perhaps, rather careless in his work—he has other things to think of. If you want information about the department he is in I would not advise you to question him, but if you want an invitation to a garden party to him by all means. His official position is incidental. His real life is in "society." No secretary dares to discharge him. He does not promote him it is true, may be he has a poor opinion of him, but he always asks him to his parties. He is as much of a necessity there as a punch-bowl or a bouquet. I have known him to get married, but since the Government began there have been but three cases of the Government clerk of this class committing such an indiscretion. Of course two three married rich girls, and, resigning their positions, lived miserably upon their wives ever afterward—and just consider the independence that they lost!

If Sam Weller's inquiry as to what becomes of old post-boys and donkeys was a difficult one to answer, it is still harder to say what becomes of the Government clerk who is discharged. He hangs around his department seeking reinstatement. He seems to have become absolutely dependent upon the Government, and to expect employment from no other source. Sometimes he gets desperate and commits suicide—there have been several cases of this kind to furnish grim dreams to disturb the spoonmen's rest—sometimes he dies from sheer grief and hopelessness—and the cases of this character are painfully frequent; but what becomes of him when he isn't restored and doesn't die is a mystery indeed. He sinks out of sight, a new clerk has his place, the waters of official life close over his head, and he is forgotten.

The Decimal Point.

In France and Germany $\frac{1}{4}$ reduced to a decimal is written 0.25, in England it is written 0.25; in the United States it is always written either 0.25 or simply written .25 without the naught. In the first two countries the period is never used, always the comma. While English writers use the period they never put it at the bottom of the line as we do, but always use it thus: 0.25. This style is said to have been introduced by Sir Isaac Newton, who placed it at the top of the line to distinguish it from the punctuation mark.

A Sole Leather Calculation.

There are 300,000 of people that walk about the streets of London daily, and in so doing they wear away a ton of leather particles from their boots and shoes. This would in a year form a leather belt six inches wide and one-fourth of an inch thick long enough to reach from London to New York. The amount of disintegrated leather at 35 cents a pound (what it costs consumers) would amount to \$35,000. Reduced to a strap one inch in width it would reach more than once around the world.

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IMPLEMENTS.

HEDGED IN BY RULES.

Some of the Tribulations of Sleeping-Car Porters.

Queer Mandates and Regulations Issued by the Pullman and Wagner Companies—Questions Asked of Men Seeking Employment.

The life of a porter on a sleeping-car is usually pictured as one full of trials and tribulations, and his work as lacking sufficient remuneration. All this is in a great measure true.

Most men who enter into the duties of a "car-service man," as the porters are called, recognize that they are working for a vast corporation, and there must exist a strict system of discipline. It has been said that among the orders issued to the porters are those to wear clean, white linen, "stand-up" collars and bright and clean uniforms. They are furthermore forbidden to speak to the lady passengers, unless first spoken to. In other words, as one of them put it: "We are expected to dress like dukes, but not to act like them."

A Chicago News reporter spent some time the other day talking to a few Pullman and Wagner porters. The men were not at all disposed to enumerate their little grievances. A railroad official remarked that it was because they did not have confidence in the interrogator's identity. "They may think you are a special agent," he said. "Yes, we find lots of things that we are ordered to do unnecessary and not very pleasant," said one porter on a vestibuled St. Paul train. "But it would not do for me to complain. The officials would find me out and tell me if I did not like the work to get out and make room for a willing man."

Superintendent Lincoln, of the operating department of the Wagner Sleeping-Car Company, was interviewed. He showed the reporter the printed instructions issued to porters and conductors. They are almost identical, section after section, with those of the Pullman company. "A porter or conductor travels a rough road to secure his position," said Mr. Lincoln. "The number and nature of the questions asked the applicant very often startle the man. He must be able to read and write, to state his antecedents, education, physical condition, names, addresses and businesses of each of his employers within five years at least, stating his position with each employer, and when and why he left the employ of each man. The applicant is also asked: 'Are you willing to go wherever sent?' 'Are you in debt?' 'Do you use intoxicating liquors?' 'Do you ever play games of chance for money or gamble in any way?' These are sample questions. A porter, when he is accepted, is told his duties and supplied with badges, buttons and white jackets. The uniforms, summer and winter weight, he must purchase. The porter is not asked to wear a white vest. That is a portion of the conductor's summer uniform. The vest in cold weather is covered up by the coat, which is buttoned clear to the top. A white standing collar and scarf are demanded of the porters for the sake of having uniformity and preventing gaudy or 'sporty' neckwear. The shoes or boots must be kept polished, and our company prohibits the use of slippers at any time while on duty. The Pullman company allows its porters to wear slippers, after all passengers have retired, or when lying at a waiting place. The summer or light-weight uniforms are worn from June 1 until October 1. Porters are requested to remove their caps when making up or putting away berths or attending to other similar duties. They are provided with white duck jackets by the company to be worn over the uniform while doing this work only, and the porters must see that they secure enough to have a clean one for each night allowed to play cards or gamble. This seems like a startling array of rules, but if the men are willing to do the work they are employed to perform they can not consistently complain."

"Have you any system of rewarding old and efficient men?"

"Yes; they get the best 'runs,' like those to New York or the limited. We have porters who commenced working for us fifteen years ago. They like the work, and, as I said, they get the preference of the best runs. These porters earn much more than the conductors."

There is one thing which very often disgraces a Pullman porter. His berth is supposed to be that in the smoking-room, but should the smoking-room be "sold," he must take "upper 1." If that also is occupied, the porter must either remain awake or crawl up on the roof and sleep. Between the hours of ten p. m. and three a. m. the porter is supposed to be in the berth, and he is to observe open and watch any number of passengers enter the car at a main station, but, though they call loudly for their berths, he never moves. It is his sleeping time, and the conductor must then make up berths.

Villages Built in Trees.

People who live in trees or employ them as places of refuge are apt to be particularly miserable specimens of the human family, for their choice of a home invariably implies that they are not strong enough to meet their enemies on the level. The tree village recently discovered by Sir William MacGregor in New Guinea is the most remarkable that has been reported in long while. Some ways inland he found a wretched, half-starved, miserable-looking tribe. In one of their settlements all the villagers live in a single enormous tree, on whose wide-spreading branches four houses, with two stories each, had been constructed. Wide platforms are built in front of the houses on which are piles of stones, kept to hand at all times. This wretched people are in process of extermination by a powerful and warlike neighbor. The most numerous tree village that has been found are along the Duna branch of the Mangala river, north of the Congo. The explorer who discovered them last year says the natives are the poorest and most wretched people he has seen in Africa.

A VERITABLE MARVEL.

Wonderful Obligance on a Rural Horse-Car Line.

"About the most accommodating street-car line I ever struck," said a gentleman in the reading-room of a big hotel the other evening to a New York Tribune reporter, "is in a little hamlet in Oxford County, Me. The place doesn't contain more than six hundred inhabitants, all told. But it has a factitious importance in summer time, because the Maine Chautauque Union holds its annual assembly there. The rolling stock of the line consists of three open horse-cars in summer and a comfortable vehicle in winter. A unique feature of the road is that it transports baggage as well as passengers, charging a uniform fare of six cents for each piece, whether 'human' or 'various.' Of course it is needless to say that there is none of the mad hurry about these cars that is so noticeable in a city street-car, when you are half-a-block away and want to catch it. The conductor knows everybody and everybody knows him. No yawning social chasm exists between passenger and official. Not only does the car stop in front of each passenger's house, but if he happens to have any baggage the driver leisurely ties up his horses and assists the conductor in carrying the baggage into the house, and up into the attic if desired."

"If a passenger discovers that he has forgotten anything, the car is immediately stopped to allow him to go back and get it, and if the distance is great the conductor and driver will shift the horses and the car will be driven back to where the forgetful passenger lives. When business is dull the car stops, the conductor takes out a book and reads, while the horse browses on the roadside. Sometimes the conductor gets a little lonesome in slack times. On such occasions he invites a bevy of children to take a free ride, which they do with great willingness."

"In winter there is no conductor for the single vehicle. The driver sits inside close by a hot stove, the reins being passed through a little window. Very slow, you say? May be so, according to city ideas. But the establishment of the line was bitterly resented by the village 'Rip Van Winkles' as entering wedge to all the follies and vanities of the city; and they haven't become reconciled to it yet. I tell you it is pleasant to get back once in awhile into such primitive communities where life is placid and thought is sluggish, and movement and noise are not regarded as necessarily the surest road to happiness. In my opinion the tired and brain-fagged city-resident would find in such places as this the most thorough and complete rest. But you can't convince people of it. They prefer the noisy and garish summer hotel, which is simply a little bit of the city transported into the country, and oftentimes not the most desirable bit either."

NO CHILDREN WANTED.

How a Quick-Witted Yankee Got the Best of a New York Landlord.

Unhappy parents who, whenever they seek for flats, run against the automatic "No children permitted in this building," should take a leaf from the experience of a crotchety Yankee with four children. He moved to this city last spring, says the New York Sun, and he and his wife, after a few days in a hotel, went flat hunting. Wherever they went they met this objection against children. His wife became discouraged and wanted to go back to their rural home in New England, where their children had had the range of a large park and garden. But our Yankee friend was a man of resources. He put on his thinking cap one evening, and the next morning he started out by himself, leaving Mrs. Yankee at the hotel with the children. At the first house where he found a flat which suited him this dialogue with the janitor took place:

"What is the rent of this flat?"

"Nine hundred dollars a year."

"I will lease it for a year if there are no children in the house. I will not take it if there are any."

"There are not any. You may depend upon that."

This maneuver threw the agents of the flat off their guard. Nothing was asked of our Yankee about the possession of children by him. The lease was made out and executed, the advance payment was made, and then he moved in, wife, children and all. There was a grand tableau of indignation on the part of the owner of the flat. But there the Yankees were, young and old, and there they will be until the first of next May. Nothing can get them out.

A LITTLE BOY'S HEROISM.

He Thought He Was Going to Be Left in the Cemetery.

A little boy's heroism was tested not long ago through a mistake. The editor of a contemporary relates that a gentleman in a New England town proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful cemetery beside the river beyond the town. Calling his son, a bright little boy some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell and the father said:

"Don't you want to go, Willie?"

The little lip quivered, but the child answered: "Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove under the wide archway he slung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness. The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shaded avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting place of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so they returned to the carriage and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief, and asked:

"Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are; why not?"

"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that the child revealed in what to him had evidently been a summons to leave the world.

THE GUARD'S STORY.

How an Engineer Saved Life and Wealth and How He Was Rewarded.

Coming down on the elevated road late at night a short time ago I fell into conversation with the guard, says a New York Star reporter. He was a pleasant fellow. The night men are apt to be. They have less traffic and the natural social instincts of men display themselves in spite of corporations and iron-bound rules. As we swung into South Ferry station he shouted out: "There goes the 'money train.' I looked and saw a single car attached to an engine steaming up the track. I had only a glimpse of it, but that was sufficient to arouse my curiosity. My companion was full of the subject, and I gathered some interesting details of an important feature of railroad routine."

"Singular you never saw that before," said the guard. "The car is oval in shape, holds three or four men, gathers up the tickets and 'buddies,' and is naturally looked after pretty sharply by the company. The men in the car all carry 'guns' and are generally 'loaded for bear,' so they're not troubled much. The car starts out about one or two o'clock in the morning and goes up and down the Second avenue road, stopping at every station and collecting the tickets in the boxes and the cash from the office. Next a trip is taken on the Third avenue road and then on the others in regular order, the car 'laying off' for the day about five a. m. near Fifty-eighth street, on the Ninth avenue line. I've heard say that sometimes she carries about \$20,000. In fact, that's only a light estimate."

"Nobody monkeys with that train or with the men 'in it' continued my informant, smiling grimly to himself. "It wouldn't be healthy. I do remember a time, though, when there came near being a circus. There had been some trouble with laboring men—something of that kind—and they laid off to wreck the train. You can't do it easy. The flange on the wheel always catches when you run up on the guard beam on each side of the track, and you can't run into the street. The gang knew this, and they tried something 'new.' They put an inclined block on each track so the train might run up and over. That might go. It was a dirty trick. I suppose they expected to lay below and rob the car when she smashed in the street. Killing the engineer, of course, didn't count. All the same they got left. There was a quick young fellow on the road that time. He saw the blocks in the flash of the engine light and stopped the train in her own length. He saved every thing and kept his wife from being a widow in the bargain. I guess. I think I read a poem about it in one of the illustrated papers—Harper's Weekly, it seems to me. The company was very grateful to that young engineer."

"I'm glad of it," said I, heartily. "He certainly did them a service. What did they do for him? Let's see. He saved at least \$20,000 for the road. I suppose they gave him \$1,000."

"Not much," said the guard, folding his arms and winking at me confidentially. "When corporations do that we'll be near the millennium, and won't have so much need of the ministers' preaching the New Testament at the directors on Sundays. The way things go they don't have no call to lay out on them sharp. I never heard that Sheridan got a cent for what he done. I suppose directors think a man's bound to save his own life, any way, and as for payin' him for their own they're keepin' all they get, make no mistake. I understand they gave the engineer an earlier 'run,' and he was glad enough to get it. The strain on him in those hours wasn't so great, and it was less rough on his kidneys."

KILLED TWENTY MEN.

A Westerner's Defense of His Claim Against Would-Be Jumpers.

"There goes a man who has killed his twentieth man," said a guest at Hurst's to a St. Louis Republic reporter. "The man alluded to was of medium height and stout build, with raven black hair and mustache. He had a black eye which flashed with a strange light whenever their own became excited or interested. 'His name is Cal Fairbanks,' continued the reporter's informant, 'and he was formerly a resident of St. Louis. About fifteen years ago he went to Colorado, and near Pueblo struck a mine which had been deserted. The mine, however, had been proved up, and Mr. Fairbanks bought it for a trifling sum, went to work upon it, and it soon developed that it was a rich mine. He went to Denver, placed his mine on the market under the name of Little Jennie and sold his interests for an independent fortune. But while he was developing this mine he had serious trouble. A man who was a favorite in the mining camp drew a gun on Mr. Fairbanks one day, but the man from St. Louis was quick and he shot first. As a result the camp favorite dropped dead. This killing created a good deal of 'enmity' against Fairbanks, and before he had finished developing his claim he killed nineteen men. All this occurred in about a year. I believe Fairbanks himself was shot twice, but neither of the bullets inflicted wounds which might be called serious. To-day he is in the prime of life, and by shrewd speculation has managed to accumulate a fortune. He is a bachelor of steady habits and is a woman hater."

An Anti-Fiasco Movement.

In Karlsruhe, the official capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, plans for a decided spread so as to excite a decided movement against it. First, the city passed a law fining any one who played with the window open. That offered little help, though, to the house next door, and the next step was the formation of a bachelors' anti-musical society, sworn not to marry girls who played the piano. The society at last accounts numbered over three hundred, but the Karlsruhe girls had many of them taken to the fiddle and the French horn.

Easy to Laugh Then.

If a man can laugh at no other time he can generally laugh when the joke is on some one who once laughed at him.

REGARDING POCKETS.

Difficult Things for Tailors and Dress-Makers to Handle Well.

The present pocket, both for ladies and gentlemen, is an extremely difficult feature to make thoroughly well, both in dress-making and in tailoring, says the London Telegraph. There is a story of an English couturier who thought that she had all but perfected herself in the art of dress-making, but who took a trip to Paris in order to go through a final course of instruction in the atelier of a celebrated robe artiste. She paid a handsome fee for a year's instruction, and after signing articles she was put to what seemed to her the frivolous task of inserting a pocket in a dress. When she had finished her task "madame" shook her head with kindly gravity and told her artful pupil that the mystery of pocket-making had yet to be learned. It is a fact that the devoted student was kept for six whole months toiling at pockets; at the expiration of that period she was permitted to try her hand at sleeves, and she returned to England a sadder but wiser seamstress, destined, however, it is to be hoped, to blossom into a court dress-maker of the grandest type.

As with ladies' pockets so it is in degree with those of gentlemen. Man-kind desires its trousers pockets, its coat and overcoat and vest pockets to be conveniently placed, easy of access and not given to getting unsewn. To be perfect they should be entirely unobtrusive. The Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, when he was in Paris, was desirous of having his nether garments made by a famous "culottier," who had supplied Napoleon with his buckskins. "But the pockets?" said the Emperor, when the tailor had finished measuring him. "I am sure," replied the "culottier," "that I should not know where to put pockets unless I put them in your Majesty's flesh." The Czar was more amused than angered by the explanation. "But the other one, Napoleon," he pursued, "what did he do for breeches pockets?" "His aides-de-camp were his pockets," replied with quiet dignity the small-clothes artist.

Later brooch-makers may have thought out some means of maintaining symmetry while providing pockets in buckskins or cords, but, speaking broadly, the resources of the tailor are taxed to the very utmost in designing pockets which shall hold what a gentleman requires without pushing themselves into objectionable prominence. There are a great many things that we are bound to find room for in our pockets. Happily, we are absolved from the necessity of carrying revolvers beneath our garments, but it frequently happens that a small silver flask, holding some form of alcohol, occupies a modest place in a traveler's pocket, and of course he must have due receptacles for his cigar-case, his keys, his handkerchief, and, if he be well stricken in the vale of years, his spectacles. It is only the entirely competent and long-experienced coat artist who knows how these pockets shall be placed and what shall be their general breadth and depth. Thus to the practiced sartorial eye a broad-pocket may really appear "ridiculous." It may be the eighth of an inch too high, too low, too narrow or too broad. It may be "too straight in the fore part," or just a hair's breadth too much askew for symmetry or for comfort; but it is a pity that the estimable artists in coats can not settle their estimable little difference without bringing the refinements of their craft into the law courts.

TO ERADICATE WARTS.

Some of the Many Superstitions About Getting Rid of Them.

"Warts!" exclaimed the oracle to the presiding member of the oyster cracker convention in a Maine street grocery store in Lewiston Saturday. "I've had 'em. Yes, sir, I've had 'em, but I charmed 'em away."

After this statement, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, the members of the convention fell into silence, considering the departed warty days of youth. "If a man will write down the number of warts that he has on his hands on the hat-band of a tramp without the tramp knowing it the latter will carry the warts away with him," suggested George William, the elderly oracle on warts, after a long silence. "When you used to give 'in," he continued, "when you cut one notch on a green older stick for every wart you had and then rubbed the stick on each wart and then buried it in the barnyard until it rotted. That fixes 'em. Take a black snail, rub him on the warts and then stick him on a thorn bush. Do this nine successive nights and the snails and the warts will be dead together."

"Chalk marks on the stove funnel used to fix my warts," said the chairman of the meeting. "Get 'em on when nobody could see you and when they disappeared the warts went too. This used to get sort of mixed when my mother saw the chalk marks and wiped 'em off. When I used to see a funeral go by I expected I used to rub the warts up and down and say: 'Warts and corpses pass away and never more return.' That was intended to fix 'em."

"Charming warts was the popular way in my day," said the minister. "A man of elderly mien and sad features was the king of charms. I went to him surreptitiously one day and he looked me in the eyes and said something that I don't like to remember, but it sounded like 'wobbly, gobby, gum,' and a lot more of the same interesting description. I've forgotten whether the warts went or not. We used to think that to take as many pebbles as we had warts, touch them to the excrecences, sew them in a bag, take them to the four corners of the cross-roads and throw the bag over the left shoulder would do the business. The only bad feature about this was that if any person should find the bag and open it he would reap the warty treasure of the bag."

Cards for the Dead.

A curious fashion has come into vogue in Paris. In all the cemeteries metal boxes with a slit in the lid are placed on the tombstones to receive the cards of visitors. The relatives of the deceased are thus enabled to see who among the living still cherish the memory of their departed friends.

GEORGE HOLLAND'S JOKE.

How the Great Comedian Once Upon a Time Fooled a Policeman.

From "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," in the Century, we quote as follows: "George Holland was distinctly an actor of the old school, invariably introducing even into modern characters its traditions and conventionalities; his effects were broadly given, and his personality was essentially comic. He was quite an old man when I first knew him, and I had serious doubts as to whether our acquaintance in the theater would be an agreeable one; for by the terms of my engagement I was to hold a leading part as the comedian of the company, and he, who had always occupied that station, was placed as second to me. I naturally thought that feeling himself comparatively subordinate and that I, a younger man, was to outrank him, he would, by his manner at least, resent my intrusion upon his former ground. I was, however, agreeably mistaken; for I found him too generous a man to harbor any jealous feelings, and to my gratification we were friends from our first meeting. It is pleasant also to know that this relationship extended over many years, and up to the day of his death."

"The useful career and unblemished character of George Holland will be recalled by all who knew him. He lived, a bright and cheerful spirit, in this world for eighty years, for time could not ago his youthful heart. He was the merriest man I ever knew. Practical joking was a passion with him, and though his pranks were numerous, by some good fortune they always ended innocently and with harmless mirth. I remember that on one occasion, when some goldfish had been placed in the ornamental fountain in Union Square, Holland dressed himself in a full sporting suit, and with a fish-basket strapped upon his shoulder, a broad brimmed hat upon his head and a rod in his hand, he unfolded a camp-stool and quietly seated himself in front of the fountain before he fished, with such a patient and earnest look in his face that no one could have supposed that it was intended as a practical joke. This strange spectacle soon attracted a curious crowd about the sportsman, who with a vacant and idiotic smile sat there quietly awaiting a nibble. A policeman soon forced his way through the crowd and arrested Holland, who explained with a bewildered look that he was fishing in his own private grounds. The policeman naturally concluded that the intruder was some harmless lunatic, and, patting him kindly on the shoulder, bade him go home to his friends. Holland burst into a flood of tears, and while affectionately embracing the guardian of the law contrived to fasten the fish-hook into the collar of the policeman's coat, who walked slowly and sympathetically away, unconsciously dragging the line and rod after him. The crowd, seeing the joke, roared with laughter, as Holland quickly made his way to the nearest omnibus, which he reached before the infuriated policeman could catch him."

AN OLD STEAMBOAT.

How an Ingenious Negro Built One Out of Old and Ends.

Some amusing descriptions have been written about the home-made steamboat that plies on the St. Paul river, Liberia, but very little has been said of the mechanical genius who knocked the boat together out of material that was never intended for a steamboat.

His name is Irons and he used to be a slave in South Carolina. A while ago he made up his mind that it was high time there was a steamboat plying on the St. Paul river between Monrovia and the first rapids. He secured the engine of an abandoned sugar-cane crusher, and went to work to build his steamer. "He took a canoe fifty feet long and ripped it from stem to stern with a saw. He placed the halves nine feet apart, ribbed and planked them, and before long the hull was ready for the machinery. Hardly any two pieces of the machinery were ever together before. He had to make a score of things before he could induce that engine to turn a paddle-wheel. He picked up bits of iron shafting and so on here and there, and with the aid of a blacksmith shop knocked them into shape so that they would work smoothly together. He made a pair of paddle-wheels built a deck house, secured an old steam-whistle, fitted up a rudder, and finally launched his creation and was ready for business."

This man was once an illiterate slave on a cotton plantation, but inventive talent was born in him. His side-wheel steamer is not conspicuous for speed or beauty, but she is serviceable, and is noteworthy as the first steamboat ever built in Africa and probably the first that was ever built out of picked-up material. One of Liberia's disadvantages is the fact that the former slaves who compose her citizens are most of them poor, not only in purse, but also in intellectual equipment. But she has her men of mark like Dr. Bliden who would be respected anywhere for their statements and ability; and she has reason to be proud of such a man as Irons, who was known for his remarkable inventive and mechanical talent long before he built Liberia's first steamboat.

Insurance Against Banks.

A company has been established to guarantee depositors in National, State and savings banks and trust companies against loss by reason of the suspension or failure of such institutions in which those guaranteed may have their deposits. In case of the suspension or failure of such an institution in which the party guaranteed has money on deposit the company, upon receiving evidence of the fact and a transfer of the claim with power of attorney to collect, pays the full amount due the guaranteed by the insolvent institution. The rates are as follows: For any amount not exceeding \$500 \$1 per year; for any amount not exceeding \$500, \$1.50 per year; for any amount not exceeding \$1,000, \$2.50 per year; and \$2.50 for every additional \$1,000 guaranteed. It is a New Jersey institution and has been incorporated less than a year.

IN A ROMAN CONVENT.

The Life of Monks and Lay-Brothers as Told by Dr. Fawcett.

The lay-brother appeared at day-break, and told me that in fifteen minutes I was to join the Italians in vespers, and go with them to mass, writes Dr. Francis Fawcett, in Harper's Magazine. The mass was followed by a sermon, after which we were all summoned to coffee in the room where we had taken tea the evening before. The report of my harrow had got abroad, and I found myself an object of curious attention.

After coffee we were dismissed to our chambers for an hour, and then listened to another sermon in the chapel. This consumed the morning till eleven o'clock, when a bell rang for dinner, and monks and laymen separately moved in solemn procession to the refectory. The monks went first, the Superior at their head, then followed the laymen, and while the procession was forming in the corridor they all kept up the eternal, unintermitted chanting. The refectory was a long, high, dimly-lighted hall. A table of bare wood was stretched across the farther end, for the dignitaries of the convent, and was continued down both sides. Here, on right and left, sat the rest of the monks, forty or fifty in number, and the laymen sat below them, nearer the door. The seats were wooden benches, placed on the inner side of the tables only. On the wall over the heads of the dignitaries was a fresco of the Last Supper, as usual in refectories, while on the side walls hung grim pictures of saints with upturned eyes and palms pressed together. High up, near the ceiling, was a small pulpit. The entire hall was whitewashed above and paneled with oak below.

At the head of the tables stood the Superior, who was General of the whole order, a tall, portly man with a stern and austere countenance. The monks, motionless and in dead silence, stood ranged on right and left, robed in black from head to foot, and wearing on the breast the badge of their order—a heart surrounded by a cross. Their harsh, cadaverous faces bespoke the rigor of their discipline, which is extremely severe. When all were in their places the Superior raised his finger, and the whole assemblage broke out into another chant. When at last it was ended the finger was raised again, and all took their seats. Not a word was spoken; not a monk entered the pulpit from a narrow door in the wall, and in drawing, monotonous tones read a Latin sermon, which lasted throughout the meal.

He had hardly begun when a file of lay brothers entered, each carrying a receptacle formed of three trays, one above the other, connected by an upright wooden rod, and holding a great number of bowls and small dishes. The monks were served first. Before them were set bowls of a dismal-looking vegetable soup, along with dishes of dried pease boiled whole, and swelled to a wonderful size by the process. Each then drew a cup, a fork and a wooden spoon from a drawer in the table, and with a rueful countenance proceeded to eat, first filling the cup from an earthen bottle of cheap wine which stood on the board before him.

Of the lousy fare better, being served with rice, eggs, fish and dried fruit. The Italians seemed little edified by the Latin sermon, which few of them could have understood. The meal was followed by a prayer, with low responses from the monks, after which they all filed off through the dim galleries to their dens, looking like living originals of the dreary portraits ranged along the walls.

When I had got to my chamber and was refreshing myself with the Piousneers, one of them came in to convert me. "My father," said I, "I am afraid your kindness will be thrown away."

But he clapped me on the knee, and exclaimed cheerfully: "Ah, figlio, you will be a good Catholic soon. No doubt of it."

There was an amusing vivacity in him, quite different from his extreme solemnity when at dinner. In the course of his talk, which was rambling, though pious, he kept offering me his snuff-box, freely using it himself meanwhile; and when he thought he had made a good bit in his argument, he would wink at me with a comical look of triumph, on which we both fell to laughing. At length the bell rang for more prayers and sermons in the chapel, and this sprightly old apostle went back to his cell.

After the sermon the laymen were turned out to walk for a while in the convent garden, attended by Padre Luca. He was not, I think, one of the Passionist brotherhood, but a secular priest, and his pleasant, plump, good-humored countenance contrasted strangely with the dry, leathery visage of the monks. As we walked up and down the paths, shaded with olives and oleanders, he took me by the arm and talked of matters of faith, stopping from time to time at the little groups of Italian monks, who, after reverently kissing his hand, began to chat and laugh with him in an easy familiarity, gracefully tempered with respect. He seemed to have their full affection and confidence, at which, judging by what I saw of him, I did not wonder.

A Curious Anesthetic.

A curious anesthetic used by the Chinese has recently been made known by Dr. U. Lathbury in his third annual report of the Soochow Hospital. It is obtained by placing a few drops of a liquid which forms a paste with the flour. This paste dissolved in water has well-marked anesthetic properties. After the finger has been immersed in the liquid for a few minutes it can be cut to the bone without pain being felt.

Making His Salary.

"Sir," said the young man to his employer, "I thought I might take the liberty of reminding you that you promised to raise my salary this week." "Certainly," I've got two collections set now, and am just going over to the bank to try and get my note discounted. Just keep calm, and I'll raise it somehow if I have any sort of luck."